

The most famous book about food ever written. *The Physiology of Taste* remains our most charming and insightful celebration of the joys of the table. First published in France in 1825 and continuously in print ever since, Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin's masterpiece is a historical, philosophical, and epicurean collection of recipes, reflections, and anecdotes on everything and anything gastronomical. Brillat-Savarin—who famously stated "Tell me what you eat and I shall tell you what you are"—shrewdly expounds upon culinary matters that still resonate today, from the rise of the destination restaurant to matters of diet and weight, and in M. F. K. Fisher, whose commentary is both brilliant and amusing, he has a translator and editor with a sensitivity and wit to match his own.

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JEAN ANTHELME BRILLAT-SAVARIN
(1755–1826) was mayor of Belley, France, until he fled the Revolution in 1793. After a brief exile in the United States, he was appointed a judge in Paris, where he spent the last years of his life writing *The Physiology of Taste*.

M. F. K. FISHER (1908–1992), author of *Consider the Oyster*, *How to Cook a Wolf*, and more than twenty other books about the art of eating well, was a pioneer of food writing as a literary genre.

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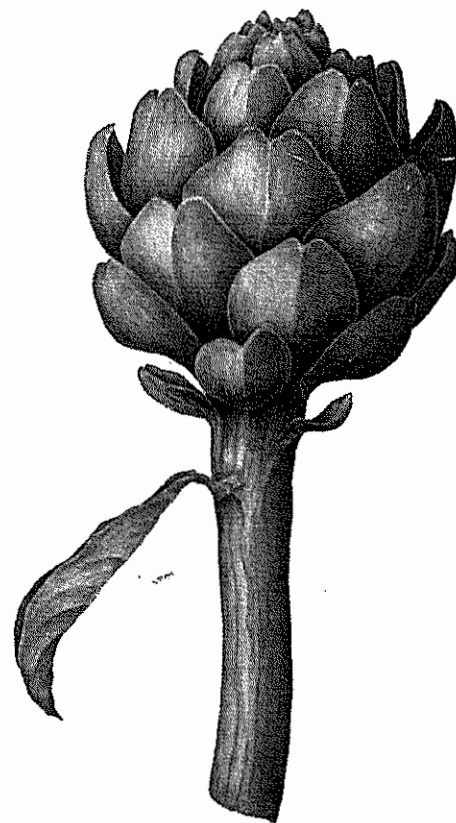
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Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin
THE PHYSIOLOGY
OF TASTE

Or Meditations on Transcendental Gastronomy



TRANSLATED BY M. F. K. FISHER
INTRODUCTION BY BILL BUFORD

MEDITATION 14

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE TABLE

70: MAN IS INCONTESTABLY, among the sentient creatures who inhabit the globe, the one who endures most pain.

Nature from the beginning has condemned him to misery by the nakedness of his skin, by the shape of his feet, and by that instinct for war and destruction which has always accompanied the human species wherever it has gone.

Animals have never been thus cursed, and, were it not for a few battles caused by the reproductive instinct, suffering would be absolutely unknown to the greater number of species in their natural state; whereas man, who experiences pleasure but fleetingly and with only a few of his organs, can always and in every part of his body be subjected to the most horrible pain.

This decree of fate has been made even sterner in its execution by a mass of illnesses which are the result of our social customs, so that the keenest and deepest pleasure that anyone can imagine is unable either in its intensity or its duration to compensate for the atrocious suffering which accompanies such maladies as gout, toothache, acute rheumatism, or strangury, or is caused by the deliberate punitive tortures which are customary in certain countries.

It is the basic fear of this pain which makes man throw himself, without even realizing it, toward the opposite extreme, and give himself up completely to the small number of pleasures which Nature has permitted him.

It is for the same reason that he enlarges them, perfects them, complicates them, and finally worships them, as is shown by the fact that during the days of idolatry and for a long series of centuries all the pleasures were classified as secondary gods, presided over by their superior deities.

The austerity of our new sects has destroyed all those personages; Bacchus, Venus, Comus, and Diana are nothing more than poetic memories, but the fact remains, and no matter how strict our religion may be, we still enjoy ourselves at marriages, baptisms, and even funerals.

Origin of the Pleasures of the Table

71: Meals, in the sense which we give to this word, began with the second age-period of the human race, that is at the moment when man ceased to nourish himself on fruit alone. The preparation and the distribution of food necessarily brought the whole family together, the fathers apportioning to their children the results of the hunt, and the grown children then doing the same to their aged parents.

These gatherings, limited at first to the nearest relatives, little by little were extended to include neighbors and friends.

Later, and when the human race had spread out, the tired traveler came to join in such primitive feasts, and to recount what went on in the far countries of the world. Thus was born hospitality, with its rights sacred to all peoples, for one of the strongest of human laws is that which commands respect for the life of any man with whom one has shared bread and salt.

It is during meals that languages must have been born and perfected, whether it was because they were a constantly recurring necessity or because the relaxation which accompanies and follows a feast leads naturally to confidence and loquacity.

Difference between the Pleasure of Eating and the Pleasures of the Table

72: Such must have been, by the nature of things, the elements of the pleasures of the table, which should be distinguished from the pleasure of eating, their necessary antecedent.

The pleasure of eating is the actual and direct sensation of satisfying a need.

The pleasures of the table are a reflective sensation which is

born from the various circumstances of place, time, things, and people who make up the surroundings of the meal.

The pleasure of eating is one we share with animals; it depends solely on hunger and on what is needed to satisfy it.

The pleasures of the table are known only to the human race; they depend on careful preparations for the serving of the meal, on the choice of place, and on the thoughtful assembling of the guests.

The pleasure of eating demands appetite, if not actual hunger; the pleasures of the table are most often independent of either one or the other.

These two states can always be observed at any of our celebrations.

During the first course, and at the beginning of the feast, everyone eats hungrily, without talking, without paying any attention to what may be going on about him, and no matter what his position or rank may be he ignores everything in order to devote himself to the great task at hand. But as these needs are satisfied, the intellect rouses itself, conversation begins, a new order of behavior asserts itself, and the man who was no more than an eater until then becomes a more or less pleasant companion, according to his natural ability.

Effects

73: The pleasures of the table do not presuppose ravishment nor ecstasy nor bliss, but they gain in duration what they lose in intensity, and are above all distinguished by their own merit of making all the others more intense for us or at least of consoling us for their loss.

The truth is that at the end of a well-savored meal both soul and body enjoy an especial well-being.

Physically, at the same time that a diner's brain awakens, his face grows animated, his color heightens, his eyes shine, and a gentle warmth creeps over his whole body.

Morally, his spirit grows more perceptive, his imagination

flowers, and clever phrases fly to his lips: if La Fare and Saint-Aulaire¹ go down to posterity as witty writers, it will be because they were first and foremost delightful dinner companions.

Best of all, every modification which complete sociability has introduced among us can be found assembled around the same table: love, friendship, business, speculation, power, importunity, patronage, ambition, intrigue; and this is why conviviality is a part of every thing alive, and why it bears fruits of every flavor.

Artificial Embellishments

74: It is as a direct result of these basic causes that all human industry has concentrated on adding to the duration and the intensity of the pleasures of the table.

Poets long ago began to complain that the throat, being too short, limited the length of the pleasure of tasting; others deplored the small capacity of the stomach; it came to the point where this organ was freed from the necessity of digesting the first course so that it could have the pleasure of holding a second one.

This was the supreme attempt to enlarge the pleasurable capacities of human taste; but if, in this case, it was impossible to break down the natural barriers, man could at least throw himself into the invention of accessories, which offered him more scope.

He ornamented his goblets and vases with flowers; he crowned his guests with them; he ate under the open sky, and in gardens and in woods and in the presence of all the wonders of Nature.

The charms of music and the sound of instruments were joined to the pleasures of the table. Thus it was that while the court of the Phaeacian king feasted, the minstrel Phemius sang of the warlike deeds of olden times.

Often dancers, wrestlers, and clowns of both sexes and in every kind of costume came to amuse the eyes of the diners without boring their palates; the most exquisite perfumes were sprayed into the air; it even happened that naked beauties acted as servant girls, so that every human sense joined in a complete pleasure.

I could cover several pages with the proof of my theory. Greek and Roman authors, and our own old writers, are there waiting

to be copied; but these researches have already been made, and my easy aping of them would bring me little merit: therefore I state as a fact what other men have already proved, which is a privilege I often claim, and which the reader should be grateful for.

Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries

75: We have assumed as our own, then, these various ways of increasing our delights, and to them we have added all that new discoveries have uncovered for us.

Of course the delicacy of our manners could not let us accept the Roman *vomitoria*; but we have done even better, and have arrived at the same end by a path recognized by our good taste.

Such attractive dishes have been invented that they manage to revivify our appetites again and again; they are at the same time so light that they flatter the palate without overloading the stomach. Seneca would have said of them: *Nubes esculentas*.

We have thus attained to such alimentary refinement that if the pressure of private business did not force us to get up from the table, or if the need for sleep did not arise in us, the length of our meals would be practically limitless, and there would be no set way for us to determine the time we might spend between the first sip of Madeira and the last glass of punch.²

However, it must not be believed that all these adjuncts are indispensable to the enjoyment of the pleasures of the table. This pleasure can be savored almost to the full whenever the four following conditions are met with: food at least passable, good wine, agreeable companions, and enough time.³

This is why I have often wished that I could have been one of the guests at the frugal meal that Horace planned for a neighbor whom he might have invited to dine with him or for a traveler forced by bad weather to take shelter under his roof: a fine fowl, a kid (without doubt fat and good), and for dessert raisins, figs, and nuts. And joining to all this some wine pressed during the consularship of Manlius (*nata mecum consule Manlio*) and the conversation of such a sweet singer as Horace, it seems to me that I would sup in the world's best way.

At mihi cum longum post temperus venerat hospes,
Sive operum vacuo, longum conviva per imbrem
Vicinus, bene erat, non piscibus urbe petitis,
Sed pullo atque haedo, tum* pensilis uva secundas
Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.

It is in the same fashion that yesterday, or even tomorrow, three pairs of friends might feast together upon a boiled leg of mutton with kidneys from Pontoise, washed down with wine from Orléans and good clear Médoc, and that having finished the evening with discussions full of warmth and gaiety they would completely have forgotten that there were other more delicate dishes and more polished cooks.

On the other hand, no matter how studied a dinner plan nor how sumptuous its adjuncts, there can be no true pleasures of the table if the wine be bad, the guests assembled without discretion, the faces gloomy, and the meal consumed with haste.

Sketch

But, the impatient reader may exclaim, how can one possibly assemble, in this year of grace 1825, a meal which will meet all the conditions necessary to attain the ultimate in the pleasures of the table?

I am about to answer that question. Draw near, Reader, and pay heed: it is Gasterea, the loveliest of the muses, who inspires me; I shall speak more clearly than an oracle, and my precepts will live throughout the centuries.

"Let the number of guests be no more than twelve, so that conversation may always remain general;

"Let them be so chosen that their professions will be varied, their tastes analogous, and that there be such points of contact that the odious formality of introductions will not be needed;

"Let the dining room be more than amply lighted, the linen of dazzling cleanliness, and the temperature maintained at from sixty to sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit;

*Dessert is here designated and distinguished with precision by the adverb TUM and by the words SECUNDAS MENSAS.

"Let the gentlemen be witty without pretension, and the ladies charming without too much coquetry;*

"Let the dishes be of exquisite quality, but limited in their number, and the wines of the first rank also, each according to its degree;

"Let the progression of the former be from the most substantial to the lightest, and of the latter from the simplest wines to the headiest;

"Let the tempo of eating be moderate, the dinner being the last affair of the day: the guests should behave like travelers who must arrive together at the same destination;

"Let the coffee be piping hot, and the liqueurs of the host's especial choice;

"Let the drawing room which awaits the diners be large enough to hold a card table for those who cannot do without it, with enough space left for after-dinner conversations;

"Let the guests be disciplined by the restraints of polite society and animated by the hope that the evening will not pass without its rewarding pleasures;

"Let the tea be not too strong, the toast artfully buttered, and the punch made with care;

"Let the leavetakings not begin before eleven o'clock, but by midnight let every guest be home and abed."

If anyone has attended a party combining all these virtues, he can boast that he has known perfection, and for each one of them which has been forgotten or ignored he will have experienced the less delight.

I have already said that the pleasures of the table, as I conceive of them, can go on for a rather long period of time; I am going to prove this now by giving a detailed and faithful account of the lengthiest meal I ever ate in my life; it is a little bonbon which I shall pop into my reader's mouth as a reward for having read me thus far with such agreeable politeness. Here it is:

I used to have, at the end of the Rue du Bac, a family of cousins composed of the following: Doctor Dubois, seventy-eight years

*I am writing this in Paris, between the Palais-Royal and the Chaussée-d'Antin.⁴

old; the captain, seventy-six; their sister Jeannette, who was seventy-four. I went now and then to pay them a visit, and they always received me very graciously.

"By George!" the doctor said one day to me, standing on tip-toe to slap me on the shoulder. "For a long time now you've been boasting of your *fondues* (eggs scrambled with cheese), and you always manage to keep our mouths watering. It's time to stop all this. The captain and I are coming soon to have breakfast with you, to see what it's all about." (It was, I believe, in 1801 that he thus teased me.)

"Gladly," I replied. "You'll taste it in all its glory, for I myself will make it. Your idea is completely delightful to me. So... tomorrow at ten sharp, military style!"*

At the appointed hour I saw my guests arrive, freshly shaved, their hair carefully arranged and well-powdered: two little old men who were still spry and healthy.

They smiled with pleasure when they saw the table ready, spread with white linen, three places laid, and at each of them two dozen oysters and a gleaming golden lemon.

At both ends of the table rose up bottles of Sauterne, carefully wiped clean except for the corks, which indicated in no uncertain way that it was a long time that the wine had rested there.

Alas, in my life-span I have almost seen the last of those oyster breakfasts, so frequent and so gay in the old days, where the molluscs were swallowed by the thousands!⁵ They have disappeared with the abbés, who never ate less than a gross apiece, and with the chevaliers, who went on eating them forever. I regret them, in a philosophical way: if time can change governments, how much more influence has it over our simple customs!

After the oysters, which were found to be deliciously fresh, grilled skewered kidneys were served, a deep pastry shell of truffled *foie gras*, and finally the *fondue*.

All its ingredients had been mixed in a casserole, which was brought to the table with an alcohol lamp. I performed on this battlefield, and my cousins did not miss a single one of my gestures.

*Whenever a meal is announced in this way, it must be served on the stroke of the hour: latecomers are treated as deserters.

They exclaimed with delight on the charms of the whole procedure, and asked for my recipe, which I promised to give them, the while I told the two anecdotes on the subject which my reader will perhaps find further on.

After the *fondue* came seasonable fresh fruits and sweetmeats, a cup of real Mocha made *à la Dubelloy*, a method which was then beginning to be known, and finally two kinds of liqueurs, one sharp for refreshing the palate and the other oily for soothing it.

The breakfast being well-ended, I suggested to my guests that we take a little exercise, and that it consist of inspecting my apartment, quarters which are far from elegant but which are spacious and comfortable, and which pleased my company especially since the ceilings and gildings date from the middle of the reign of Louis XV.

I showed them the clay original of the bust of my lovely cousin Mme. Récamier by Chinard, and her portrait in miniature by Augustin; they were so delighted by these that the doctor kissed the portrait with his full fleshy lips, and the captain permitted himself to take such liberty with the statue that I slapped him away; for if all the admirers of the original did likewise, that breast so voluptuously shaped would soon be in the same state as the big toe of Saint Peter in Rome, which pilgrims have worn to a nubbin with their kisses.⁶

Then I showed them a few casts from the works of the best antique sculptors, some paintings which were not without merit, my guns, my musical instruments, and a few fine first editions, as many of them French as foreign.

In this little excursion into such varied arts they did not forget my kitchen. I showed them my economical stockpot, my roasting-shell, my clockwork spit, and my steamcooker. They inspected everything with the most finicky curiosity, and were all the more astonished since in their own kitchens everything was still done as it had been during the Regency.

At the very moment we re-entered my drawing room, the clock struck two. "Bother!" the doctor exclaimed. "Here it is dinner time, and sister Jeannette will be waiting for us! We must hurry back to her. I must confess I feel no real hunger, but still

I must have my bowl of soup. It is an old habit with me, and when I go for a day without taking it I have to say with Titus, *Diem perdidit.*"

"My dear doctor," I said to him, "why go so far for what is right here at hand? I'll send someone to the kitchen to give warning that you will stay awhile longer with me, and that you will give me the great pleasure of accepting a dinner toward which I know you will be charitable, since it will not have all the finish of such a meal prepared with more leisure."

A kind of ocular consultation took place at this point between the two brothers, followed by a formal acceptance. I then sent a messenger⁷ posthaste to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and exchanged a word or two with my master cook; and after a remarkably short interval, and thanks partly to his own resources and partly to the help of neighboring restaurants, he served us a very neatly turned out little dinner, and a delectable one to boot.

It gave me deep satisfaction to observe the poise and aplomb with which my two friends seated themselves, pulled nearer to the table, spread out their napkins, and prepared for action.

They were subjected to two surprises which I myself had not intended for them; for first I served them Parmesan cheese with the soup, and then I offered them a glass of dry Madeira. These were novelties but lately imported by Prince Talleyrand, the leader of all our diplomats, to whom we owe so many witticisms, so many epigrams and profundities, and the man so long followed by the public's devout attention, whether in the days of his power or of his retirement.

Dinner went off very well in both its accessory and its main parts, and my cousins reflected as much pleasure as gaiety.

Afterwards I suggested a game of piquet, which they refused; they preferred the sweet siesta, the *far niente*, of the Italians, the captain told me; and therefore we made a little circle close to the hearth.

In spite of the delights of a postprandial doze, I have always felt that nothing lends more calm pleasure to the conversation than an occupation of whatever kind, so long as it does not absorb the attention. Therefore I proposed a cup of tea.

Tea in itself was an innovation to the old die-hard patriots. Nevertheless it was accepted. I made it before their eyes, and they drank down several cups of it with all the more pleasure since they had always before considered it a remedy.

Long practice has taught me that one pleasure leads to another, and that once headed along this path a man loses the power of refusal. Therefore it was that in an almost imperative voice I spoke of finishing the afternoon with a bowl of punch.

"But you will kill us!" the doctor said.

"Or at least make us tipsy!" the captain added.

To all this I replied only by calling vociferously for lemons, for sugar, for rum.

I concocted the punch then, and while I was busy with it, I had made for me some beautifully thin, delicately buttered, and perfectly salted slices of zwiebach (TOAST).

This time there was a little protest. My cousins assured me that they had already eaten very well indeed, and that they would not touch another thing; but since I am acquainted with the temptations of this completely simple dish, I replied with only one remark, that I hoped I had made enough of it. And sure enough, soon afterwards the captain took the last slice, and I caught him peeking to see if there were still a little more or if it was really the last. I ordered another plateful immediately.

During all this, time had passed, and my watch showed me it was past eight o'clock.

"We must get out of here!" my guests exclaimed. "We are absolutely obliged to go home and eat at least a bit of salad with our poor sister, who has not set eyes on us today!"

I had no real objection to this; faithful to the duties of hospitality when it is concerned with two such delightful old fellows, I accompanied them to their carriage, and watched them be driven away.

Someone may ask if boredom did not show itself now and then in such a long séance.

I shall reply in the negative: the attention of my guests was fixed by my making the *fondue*, by the little trip around the apartment, by a few things which were new to them in the dinner, by

the tea, and above all by the punch, which they had never before tasted.

Moreover the doctor knew the genealogy and the bits of gossip of all Paris; the captain had passed part of his life in Italy, both as a soldier and as an envoy to the Parman court; I myself have traveled a great deal; we chatted without affectation, and listened to one another with delight. Not even that much is needed to make time pass with grace and rapidity.

The next morning I received a letter from the doctor; he wished to inform me that the little debauch of the night before had done them no harm at all; quite to the contrary, after the sweetest of sleeps, the two old men had arisen refreshed, feeling both able and eager to begin anew.

THE TRANSLATOR'S GLOSSES

1. These two men, both of the nobility and of the early eighteenth century, were apparently charming fellows with a graceful hand at "madrigals and other poetical trifles."

2. This word may come from the Hindu *punch*, meaning five, the number of essential ingredients. Or it may come from *punchion*, an obsolete word for a large cask. It was, no matter what its origin, an important part of the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century vocabulary. A punch followed a good meal, or even a poor one, as the sun the stars. A punch could be hot water and brandy smoked with a ruddy poker. A punch could be a gathering of people (met to drink one!). A "company" punch would be concocted somewhat like this for a club, as Sheila Hibben records it for the Chatham Artillery of Georgia in her AMERICAN REGIONAL COOKERY:

1½ gallons green tea
 2½ pounds light brown sugar
 juice 3 dozen oranges and 1½ dozen lemons
 1 quart Gordon gin
 1½ gallons catawba wine
 1 quart Cognac
 ½ gallon St. Croix rum

½ pint Benedictine
 1½ quarts rye whiskey
 1 pint brandied cherries
 1 case champagne

The tea, sugar, and fruit juices are well-mixed, and everything else is added except the cherries and champagne. The whole stands in a closely covered crock for one week. Just before serving, the last two ingredients are added and the whole is poured over a block of ice.

This punch has a noble background, but I feel that the Professor would have preferred a glass of hot sugared brandy with lemon.

3. In THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, Volume VIII, published in Dublin in 1858, there is what would today be called an "article" on the Professor's book, which includes translated bits from it and Dr. Richerand's preface (to the second edition), and one or two amusing lights on the Anglo-Saxon at table. The essayist approves of Brillat-Savarin's four requisites for good dining: "It is even thus that six friends would regale themselves at the present day, on a boiled leg of mutton and a kidney, washed down with good clear orleans or madoc wine, in France, or genuine port, in England, or glorious whiskey in Ireland." But as for dining out (see page 315 and the picture of a typical Paris restaurant), the poor Irishman exiled in London wails: "... our awful steam baths, the Strand and Fleet Street diningrooms. . . . Simpson's for example! In we rush from the roar of the Strand. A long, dark, sweltering room is before us; no bright-eyed *dame du comptoi*; no shining, flashing mirrors; no waiter to glide at your nod, hot roaring guests, shouting waiters, men in cotton coats shoving about large dishes of steaming meat on rolling tables, and you eat your dinner in an atmosphere full of gin, fat, steam, and gabble. . . . and where you are choaked by foul air. . . ."

4. In 1825 this was a fashionable, rich, worldly, and above all *well-bred* quarter of the city.

5. A few years after the Professor put down his pen, there appeared in England a book printed even more anonymously than the first edition of THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE, called "THE OYSTER; Where, How, and When to *find, breed, cook,* and

eat it." The pages seethe with mid-Victorian discretion, in spite of a great many rapturous Ahs! and fashionable Alacks!: "At the period of a lady's married life when nausea is prevalent, a few fresh oysters, taken raw in their own liquor, with no addition but a little pepper, and a fairy slice of French roll or other light bread, stops the feeling of sickness, and keeps up the stamina unimpaired." It is not until we read that a mother's oyster diet will make teething much less painful for her child that we realize pregnancy is hinted at.

As for the oyster supper, which Frenchmen enjoyed even more than Englishmen, according to Anon., he says happily, "Let me sketch the scene. In the center of the table, covered with a clean white cloth up to the top hoop, stands the barrel of oysters, a kindly remembrance from a friend. . . . Each gentleman at table finds an oyster-knife and clean coarse towel by the side of his plate, and he is expected to open oysters for himself and the lady seated by his side, unless she is wise enough to open them for herself. By the side of every plate is the *panis ostrearius*, the oyster-loaf made and baked purposely for the occasion, and all down the center of the table, interspersed with vases of bright holly and evergreens, are plates filled with pats of butter, or lemons cut in half, and as many vinegar and pepper castors as the establishment can furnish. As the attendance of servants at such gatherings is usually dispensed with, bottled Bass or Guinness, or any equally unsophisticated pale ale or porter, is liberally provided; and where the means allow, light continental wines. . . . are placed upon the table. Of Spirits, only good English gin, genuine Schiedam, or Irish or Scotch Whiskey, are admissible. . . . At some of these oyster-suppers, oysters roasted in the shell are brought in 'hot and hot,' and dishes of fried, stewed, and scalloped oysters follow each other in quick succession, and even oyster patties are sometimes introduced; but I hold up both hands against an American innovation which is creeping in, and introducing crabs and lobsters, and mixed pickles, and other foreigners into the *carte* on such an occasion."

The after-effects of such a pleasurable bit of gluttonizing are of necessity ignored in this well-mannered little book, but with

matching discretion Brillat-Savarin manages to imply them in his story of the midnight feast, on page 377, where he pulls open and then pulls tight again the "curtain of conjugal privacy."

6. The two lusty oldsters knew beauty still (page 350), but even if the portrait and the bust had been of a lesser goddess than la Récamier, it is probable that their reactions would have been the same: any men with their undimmed capacity for pleasure would no more quibble at the tilt of a nose or nipple than at the casserole a *fondue* bubbled in.

7. Here the Professor uses one of his cherished words, VOLANTE, on which he so prided himself. (See page 33, and my note 5 on page 36.)

MEDITATION 15

ON HUNTING-LUNCHEONS

76: ONE OF THE most delightful of all occasions when eating counts in the pattern of life is a hunting-luncheon; and of all such known interruptions, it is still the hunting-luncheon which can be prolonged with the least fear of boredom.

After several hours of exercise, the most vigorous hunter feels a need for rest; his face has been caressed by the early-morning breeze; his skill has served him well on occasion; the sun is about to stand at its peak in the sky; it is time for the sportsman to stop for a few hours, not because he is too tired but because instinct warns him that his activity is not limitless.

A bit of shade attracts him; the grass is soft beneath him, and the murmur of a nearby stream suggests that he leave cooling in it the flask meant for his refreshment.*

Thus seated, he pulls out with tranquil pleasure the slices of golden-crust bread, and unwraps the cold chicken which a loving hand has tucked into his knapsack, and nearby he places the chunk of Gruyère cheese or Roquefort meant for his dessert.

While he thus sets the scene, the hunter is not alone; he is accompanied by that faithful animal which Heaven itself has created for him; his crouching dog watches him with devotion; a shared occupation has broken down the barriers between them: they are two good friends, and the servant is at once happy and proud to be his master's dining companion.¹

They feel an appetite unknown equally to the worldly, who never give hunger a chance to make itself felt, and to the pious who do not take enough exercise to arouse it.

*I suggest to my hunting comrades that they choose white wine for their bottles; it stands up better to movement and heat, and is more exhilarating.